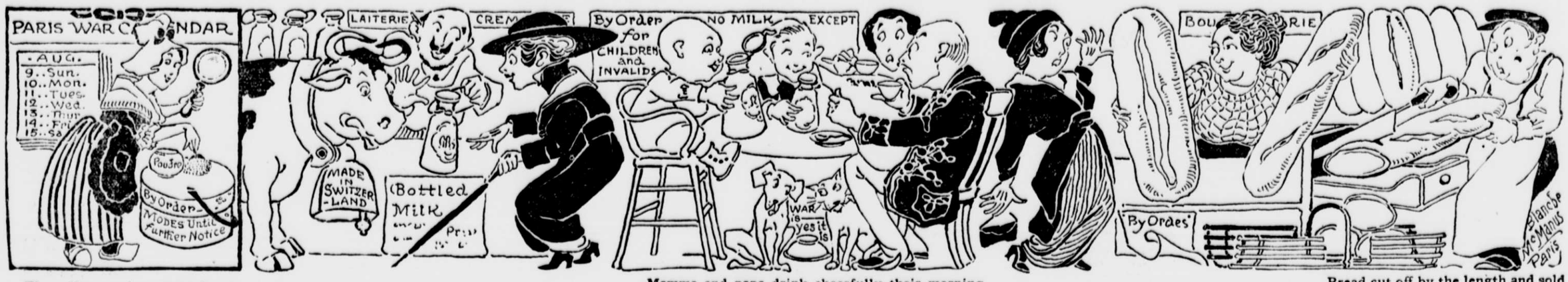
# SIMPLE LIFE IN PARIS, NOW A BIG MODEL VILLAGE




The ruling passion strong in war. Paris: "I think this simple life costume is a great success."

Imported German industries: "Don't be alarmed, madame; she is quite tame."

Mamma and papa drink cheerfully their morning coffee black, while baby gormandizes on the Government ordered daily quart and little brother consumes his allowance of a pint.

You take your choice of demi-fendu and demi-court.

Bread cut off by the length and sold by the weight carries with it a horrible suggestion of the methods of the guillotine.

## City Tourist Now Done Away With Completely and Life Seems to Be Set Back Twenty-five Years

By BLANCHE McMANUS.

IT was life with the check rein drawn tight in Paris the week this was written.

What were we worrying about when the world's largest and longest battle line was stretching from the English Channel to the Swiss Alps, just 125 miles away from us? Principally about the announcements that began with the words "By order" and ended with the deceptive phrase "until further notice," which faced us at every stage of the day, for these two official phrases held between them a long and varied list of war's little inconveniences.

The war changed London scarcely at all. Life in Berlin continued about normal. Vienna was still gay. But for Paris it was a cataclysm and Paris suffered as the other three capitals did not, not because France was the country invaded, but because the life of Paris is more dependent upon outside influences than the others. Paris, which almost entirely concerns itself with the pleasure and ornamentation of existence, found that the trimmings of life are the first thing war lops off.

Not only was Paris left without frills, but the whole life of the city was as if set back some twenty-five years. The Paris that we know was done away with as completely as if another city had been substituted. It was curious, interesting, somewhat restful and not a little amusing. I believe in their hearts the majority of the people like this lull in the strenuosity of modern living. It is like slipping into old clothes with a sigh of relief when company has left. Besides this getting the details of daily life into their own hands and cutting out expenditures pleased the French, devoted always to the small things of life.

Paris became a big model village. Women with aprons and bare headed and men in blouses and caps dominated the few cafes and public places. Only family parties were in evidence. There were plenty of the elite monde in town, but they kept out of sight. The spacious residential quarters were as sealed up. There were no cabarets, no theatres, no cinemas, no amusements of any sort.

The Grand Palais, which houses the salons of the picture shows, became a stable for army horses, which did not notice whether or not their hay racks were hung on the line. The theatres were turned into day nurseries; in the historic foyer of the Opera was installed a sewing bee. The newspapers suggested that this was not the moment for toilets in the extreme mode. Paris humbly accepted the rebuke and obediently clipped its befeathered headgear and sewed up its slit skirts. It sloughed off its chic as a snake slips out of its skin. The Parisienne became dowdy.

The French army having mobilized twenty-four hours ahead of its fastest schedule, war and the preparations of war moved far away from us in Paris. Then when it was found that the Berlin-Brussels-Paris time table had been modified, that her reception to the Germans had been postponed indefinitely, Paris put the war off her mind and was soon wrapped up in her own home cares.

The first of these was the dairy. "By order, until further notice" the milk supply was stopped. To mobilize an army means to demobilize business. Milkmen, horses, carts had gone to the war. Only children and invalids were entitled to the little milk in the market. This meant making an application at the Mayor's office of one's quarter, a mile or so away, where, on presentation of a child's birth certificate or a doctor's medical certificate twenty-four hours in advance, one was given an order on a milk depot, another mile or so away, where the precious beverage could be secured at prices fixed by the municipality. There were a few dairies which stood in with the police and from which, if one knew the way to their back door and the password, milk might still be got, but on the whole we did not succeed in seriously defrauding the babies of their Government prescribed daily quart.

It was this milk order that woke Paris up to the fact that its milk supply was controlled by a German trust, and the one belligerent exploit of the war by the Parisians was to wreck practically all of the 600 shops of the flourishing concern that by introducing bottled milk and cutting prices in Paris and its suburbs was selling over 200,000 quarts of milk daily at 6 cents under the guise of the innocent Swiss cow. There are a lot of other things besides ground plans for siege guns which have been introduced into France under Swiss and Alsatian disguises. When it comes to weed out German industries Paris especially will be surprised at the gaps to be filled. But having slaked its war thirst in milk Paris forgot to look for other contraband in the excitement of the fight between the bakers and pastry makers.

I never realized that bakers went to war until I asked the people at the neighboring boulangerie what was the matter with the bread one morning and they retorted, "What can one expect in the way of bread making from the barber shop boy next door?" Yes, there was the sign: "By order, until further notice"; the only bread permitted to be made was that known as "demi-fendu and demi-court." All delicate crossaints, all morning rolls, even the dainty brioche, the traditional cake which Marie Antoinette recommended the starving people to eat, all were interdicted to us.

"By order" the pastry shops were next commanded, not to cut down, but to lay off altogether. The military government of Paris decided that pastry was a superfluous luxury in time of war. Whereupon the Syndicate of Patissiers of Paris protested violently. But here their bitter rivals, the bakers, got in their work and insisted that the pastry business should be made to take a rest or it would be an injustice to them. And so the battle raged.

The jealousy between the two organizations has been immense since the bakers recently added the pastry making business to their own, and thus caused a drop of 50 per cent. in the profits of the real patissiers. It was the syndicate of the Parisian pastry and cake makers that was responsible for the long and bitter agitation to stop night work in the Paris bakeries, which nearly tied up Paris twice within the last year in a bread strike. The movement was not started out of any consideration for night workers, but in order that the bakers should not be left free to fabricate competing pastry in the day time, as is now the case. In the end the bakers won out in their restriction of trade policy and we suffered.

Thus French pastries, those artistically designed and ingeniously constructed expensive morsels of melting qualities and flaky deliciousness, were seen no more. Pastry shops which did not close up fell back, and so did we, on a meagre stock of prosaic packet chocolate and zwieback. Meanwhile the boss pastry maker who once earned 200 francs a month was assigned to the unsympathetic work of preparing army rations at one franc twenty-five centimes per day.

Food was the principal thing that concerned us this week. Restaurants were closing up on every side and many of those still open were running with such a reduced force that guests were quite likely to be asked to wait on themselves. With the flower of the Parisian army of cooks on the battle line the famous French cuisine suffered and so again did we.

"By order" we were to economize water; also gas, which already burned low and yellow under skilful official repression.

By this time Paris had got its supplies of war time currency, the little 5, 10 and 20 franc bank notes, to replace the solid coins the people had stowed away. Paris balked at them. She just did not like their looks. Many places refused to take them. The newspapers first tried to handle the case with coaxing and pleaded with the people to be reasonable. Paris being highstrung is always treated with deference. But when the notes were refused by public officials at ticket offices and the like, and even by those who sold Government goods, such as tobacco, matches, &c., "by order" alone got them into circulation.

We then looked around for something to spend them on. There was not much left. Many shops were closed. What shops had enough employees to keep open did so for only a part of the day. The old French rule of two hours for dinner came into force again, and as dinner hours varied you never knew when to find a place open.

There were no messengers, no deliveries. If anything was wanted we went for it and brought it home ourselves or did without. A few shops with a glimmer of old time sagacity put on sale beside their entrances the net handbags known as filets, the carryalls of the bourgeois French. When you bought purchases you bought transportation with which to take them away.

"By order of mobilization" was written across shuttered shop fronts and up and down the empty streets, and all of them bore also farewell inscriptions, the last words of many who would never raise the shutters again. The big stores posted long lists of their proprietors and employees who were fighting at the front. Tiny places had this appeal scrawled across their door: "Having gone to defend the country, I confide this modest shop to the safekeeping of the public." They were all good indications of the character of the owners. It was the dramatic instinct of the French, which likes to play to the gallery. I used to read them all—there was not much else to read.

There was not a magazine, not a weekly, not an illustrated paper, not a library open. The doors of a few book shops were open, but the proprietors would have been as surprised to see a customer enter as the customer would be to be found there. Most journalists were at the front, but not as war correspondents. Each newspaper shrunk down to one scant yellow sheet (I refer to the color) and with the office boy and the printer's devil masters of the situation came to us grimy and blurred. Your hands looked like a stoker's after reading about the war unless you were thoughtful enough to hold the paper where the real news had been carefully wiped out by the censor.

The most efficient censor of the news is the French habit of dating newspapers a day ahead. You never knew whether an event you were reading about was happening at that moment or was going to happen on the morrow. I have not got a battle date straight yet. Consequently our intellectual nourishment was furnished by this comprehensive news item which appeared with a simple transposition of words all that week: "Our forces have come in contact with the enemy at several points along the line."

No wonder that we in Paris lost sight of the war movements in our troubles with transportation eccentricities. Transportation as regards usefulness was snuffed out. The Metro was the only road really running and it ran only from 7 in the morning till 7 at night, with trains at long intervals. A few scattering street cars moved about at irregular hours.

People forgot all about battles while battling for a taxi. Requisitioning of all motor vehicles left only an infinitesimal number of these on the streets.

In consequence of this taxi famine prehistoric vehicles came out of hiding which one had thought long ago thrown on the scrap heap. Rusty four wheeled cabs drawn by pairs of bony horses, the like of which had not been seen in Paris since the days of the empire, took the boulevards again with a rakish antique air. They made the one horse cabs look almost modern.

There have been many statistics showing how the little one horse cab of Paris is disappearing before the automobile. This week the automobile disappeared before the cab. The cabby of the florid face, the red waistcoat and the glazed top hat was once more generalissimo of Paris traffic and the little gingerbread colored cab horses, their knees a little shaky, but perky and cocky, headed once again the cab stand lines. Both had been rejected by the army administration; nevertheless both had come with flying colors through the terrible struggle that the wheeled traffic of Paris endured and the burdens that it carried in the early weeks of war, compared to which dragging a siege gun must be play.

Then followed the renaissance of the bicycle. The bicycle has never disappeared in Paris but it had become a workman's vehicle. The war gave it a boom. From every lumber room bicycles were brought to light, furbished up and put into commission. The one new class of shops opened in Paris were those where bicycles of all periods were rented, repaired and even sold. Whole nests of little antique shops on the left bank of the river curiously and appropriately were turned over to the bicycle trade. What became of the original antiques I don't know. I saw people learning to ride the machines in the middle of the street as in the old days of long ago.

What is more, the bicycle has become fashionable. Costumes are again being designed for its riders. The chic Avenue des Acacias in the Bois, once the promenade of society in automobile, sees society taking its morning exercise pedalling on the democratic bike. The boulevards, where a few daring trick cyclists used to pick a dangerous path, have become racetracks for sprinting bicycle riders of both sexes.

But the sportiest act at this stage of the war was trying to be a commuter. This required superhuman effort and all the virtues.

The only transportation out of the city was on a few trains, which gave no certainty that you would get anywhere near the town you started for. If, for example, you wanted to take the 6:30 A. M. train on a certain line you began preparations several days in advance by going to the station and waiting from a half to a full day to engage a place on that train. You then took your place at the end of a line somewhere in the neighborhood of the station about 9 o'clock the evening before. If you had luck and there was less of a crowd than usual you got within sight of the entrance about midnight and within sound of the ticket office about 4 A. M., and if luck held out eventually you reached the 6:30 train at 8:45, with garments torn. In the end one made a circular tour around Paris, with several side excursions. It usually took from twenty-four to thirty-six hours to commute twelve miles, the time depending on whether or not one was finally dumped off the train in the woods and told to walk into town.

## People Put War Off Their Mind and Worry More About the "By Order" Announcements

# LONDON, UNCHANGED, A DIRECT CONTRAST TO PARIS

## City Goes on Its Usual Way Outwardly Little Affected by the War—Every British Woman Knits, While "Flannelled Nuts" Are Everywhere

PARIS in war time is a changed city, having no longer its usual aspect of gayety and activity.

"On one of the principal streets, a mart of trade," says a correspondent, "there is but one postcard shop open and a drug store. The Americans, except those who have houses and apartments, those connected with the embassy and the few stray travelers, have disappeared."

This is quoted to serve as contrast to a description of London, which goes on in its phlegmatic way outwardly little affected by the war. One of the changes is in the occupations of women.

If England should decide to replace its fashionable crest with another, it would not be a bad idea to adopt a figure of a woman knitting.

For every British woman knits. If an American woman should ply the needles with the same industry, the explanation would be offered that she did it for her nerves, but the British woman has no nerves; so that cannot be the cause. They knit, knit, knit; between the courses at dinner; on the trams; one woman was seen knitting during the progress of a war relief concert; in the queues that form at the pit door of fashionable theatres and music halls several knitters may always be discerned. At the tea hour in the smart clubs; at the tea hour in private residences they knit, knit, knit.

The conversation is something like this:

"My dear, most ex-tra-or-r-r-di-na-ry"—no one but an English woman can pronounce that word—"why, they actually have taken Antwerp! Dreadful, I say. Those horrid Germans!"

Knit, knit, knit.

It doesn't require any mental effort to knit, and it looks militant; that may help to explain the situation.

It has been suggested by Americans in London that a little more effort might be directed, not toward furnishing the soldiers with socks—truly a laudable enterprise—but toward furnishing soldiers to wear the socks.

Young men of military age parade the streets. They block the corners outside of saloons on Saturday night. They are in the tea rooms and lunch places; in the theatre stalls. Explosive with wrath against "the Huns" at the cinemas, they hiss or applaud the war pictures of the kinemacolor—wonderful pictures by the way, calculated, if anything could do so, to make recruiting active.

Hampstead Heath is a reposeful place to go on Saturday afternoon when you want an airing and to rest your eyes from the usual outlook of grimy facades and chimney pots. You have only to climb a little and a wide expanse of green turfed foreground is before you. Clumps of trees rise from grassy knolls; ponds and creeks duplicate the beautiful glow of the sky and the feathery display of drooping branches. Comfortable seats in retired nooks invite the weary pedestrian, and far away, so as not to interfere with the reader and the nature lover, are benches placed where the soft air of the Indian summer makes wraps unnecessary. From the heart of London it can be reached in half an hour on the top of a bus.

Here, though, even here, one is exasperated by the presence of the "flannelled nuts." They are everywhere, running marathons, playing tennis or football, with cameras, with corps of Boy Scouts—or girl scouts—rowing on the lake, climbing trees or flirting underneath.

Stalwart young chaps they are, lithe, supple, good sports; but why, some people ask, are they in Hampstead Heath when only across the narrow Channel cities for which their nation has assumed responsibility are being wiped out of existence?

The shops along Oxford, Regent and Bond streets never looked more alluring. All the newest models, for which there is no demand in Paris, are exhibited here, and every possible financial inducement is offered to the would-be purchaser. While Paris at the very first intimation of danger put her precious stocks of laces, jewels, costumes and furniture into fire and bomb proof vaults, London displays with lavishness all that she has, ignoring the talk of incendiary bombs and Zeppelin raids.

"Zeppelins? It would be unpleasant, wouldn't it?" London remarks when the possibility is mentioned.

Knit, knit, knit!

The theatres in Paris were shut, even the famous Comedie Francaise, not because there was no demand for seats but because there were no actors. French actors are at the firing line side by side with French artists, with French litterateurs with French craftsmen.

But there are plenty of British actors, plenty. Not a theatre is closed on account of their absence with the colors; and the omnipresent placard calling for recruits that is one of London's few signs of the war is stuck on the doors of smart playhouses, where every night English actors present to English audiences pretty little colorless comedies, inane love stories, drawing room dramas, while on the theatre of war such a tragedy is being played, with no advertised hours and as yet no third act in sight, as the imagination refuses to comprehend.

The British newspapers are many in number. There are editions and special editions; but don't imagine for a moment that they are, as in Paris, cut down to war news simply. They bristle with advertisements of the very latest perfumes, of smart hats, of irreproachable furs, of lovely gowns. Once in a way you are reminded as your eyes glance through them that there really is a war, that some hundreds of thousands of homeless refugees are at the gates, for you are advised "not to wear German corsets," &c.

The social columns in the same old British way go on reporting that at a certain function Lady Soandso sat next to Lady Blank and both looked pleased. New books are reviewed at length and you are not only told what plays to attend but what to think of them after you have seen them.

Knit. Knit. Knit.

Into a quaint tearoom in Richmond a party of young people come for the non-inebriating cup. They have arrived in a couple of beautiful limousines and the young men are taking a few hours of recreation from the arduous profession of being territorials.

They chaff each other.

"Ah, come now, girls, you cawn't, you really cawn't have two pieces of cake apiece. Why, we don't get but a bob a day, you know."

Then the girls prettily suggest that they pass a hat around to pay for the tea and this is done.

"But, my dear chap, you forget we're at war. Those are the most expensive cigarettes here. Cut down your expenses, man, and live on your bob," one of the young women retorts.

Then the pet of the party begs the girls not to send all his socks on the same day. "Really, now, I couldn't stand the shock, you know. I must have one pair on Monday, one on Wednesday and one on Saturday."

So the girls promise.

Another protests that he is drinking Kitchener's beer. "Actually drinking it, my dear chap. What can a feller do when he don't get but a bob a day? Certainly not champagne. No, indeed, Kitchener's beer."

And after a lot more amusing, light hearted, wholesome "swank" that sounds funnier than it writes, they finish their little tea party and drive away.

All very well.

But to imagine such a happening in Paris is impossible. Paris is mourning its dead. It is mourning its beautiful lost summer, its coming days of despair, when each hearthstone will have its empty chair, and it is mourning as well the sorrows of other nations.

At the recreation tents in Hyde Park and other recruiting centres are concerts, for Tommy Atkins must be amused, and at every one in the same time honored way the chairman rises to announce, "Mr. Smith will oblige with a sentimental."

The English dowager says, placidly, turning a heel of the stocking she is knitting, "My dear, I don't think we need worry."

"Why?"

"Because the war cannot last. It was made in Germany, and nothing that is made in Germany ever did last."

Then she placidly proceeds, having thrown her own jest into the military talk, the British jest against Germany's cheap products.

The Belgian refugees, like other travellers, are amazed when they reach London and find life going on in this unchanged way. They have left razed homes, a stricken territory, carnage, loot, cruelty, every inch of their way marked by some frightful scene. It is only about four hours from Ostend or Dunkirk to Folkestone, and scarcely have they recovered from their fatigue when they find themselves in a country, not only different in architecture, in customs and in manner, in the organization of daily life, but a country in which apparently there is no war spirit felt. Some of them are bitter, very bitter. They do not hesitate to say that if there had been a bigger English army Belgium could not be where it is to-day—a cipher in the sum total of nations.

Posted all over London, all over the United Kingdom, in fact, the "England Expects" placards are visible.

The Belgians have these pointed out. They are very decorative, with a portrait of the War Secretary and much red ink thereon. Then they look in the streets and see every sort and variety of man, old and young, rich and poor, some working, some loitering, but all of them—staying at home.

"Look at Kitchener," say these might be fighters, and with that exclamation they rest content.

This sublime belief that no one can really hurt England is at the same moment a hope and a handicap.

It gets into the marrow of the visitor's bones.

You find yourself reading war news in the same phlegmatic spirit.

"Zeppelins!" "Bombs!" "Aerial attack on London!"

It simply cannot be. Of course we don't deny that they will make the attempt, but "Look at Kitchener."

So the daily life goes on!

And the English women knit another row.

"Of course I don't want to hurt the Tower, and I'd simply hate to have anything happen to Buck'ham Palace and what would the Americans do with no Westminster Abbey to weep in, but honestly if some nice fat Zeppelin would drop a nice fat bomb near—just near the Nelson monument I do believe you people over here would wake up," said an American girl the other day in an assembly of mixed English and Americans.

One of the English ladies laughed. "Really, you Americans take the war much more excitedly than we do. It's quite ex-tra-or-r-r-di-na-ry, isn't it?"

This is one side of the picture and it would be of course unfair, very unfair, to let the subject rest here.

In fact, if one uses the term "picture," perhaps it would be better to think of a piece of tapestry, instead of a painted canvas, where the loom on the side hidden from view has woven a pattern as intricate, as interesting and nearly as perfect as that exposed to sight.

For, while the Germans are depending on speed to favor them, the English, true to type, are slowly, cautiously, taking every step with prudence and sagacity that are sure to tell in the end and on that end they depend, knowing that, practically unprepared as they were, they must lose much to gain more.

And they face that loss, the loss of the finest, the best equipped men, the flower of the race, they face the loss of celebrated generals, the loss of temporary prestige and power with the same spirit that was displayed by that gallant commander who, in the face of shot and shell, said "England expects every man to do his duty," a watchword that with the passing of the years has never been erased.

Recruiting and relief work go on as part of the routine of life, and no matter how many refugees arrive there is no complaint. Drilling and training are laboriously, all over the United Kingdom, making, with supreme effort, fighting men out of the men who for years have been tied to office stool and desk, or to factory hours.

But the khaki way is a slow way in England, the onlooker is forced to think.

Possibly nature, herself, who makes us less sensitive to suffering as we grow older, coats over with an integument of callousness those who in the division of the world's work must perforce stay behind, a sort of protective shield of the emotions.

For, surely, Tommy himself, singing his "Tipperary" as he marches along, when he is allowed to go by day, is the best example one can furnish of the courage that goes to war or stays at home, just as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening.

It is said by one who was in the big battle of the Marne that a special Tommy who was near him listened to the shells screeching and yelling overhead, the crash of broken barriers, the fall of wounded bodies, and as a particularly vicious one whizzed its way along, remarked casually:

"Gee, there's another!"

By his side a Frenchman, listening to the same shell, cried out: "Ces! la guer-r-re! C'est terrible! Mon Dieu! Guer-r-r-re!" To whom Tommy remarked, even more nonchalantly: "Say, did you catch that one?"

And this story will do as well as a hundred others that might be quoted on the subject.

Yet with all due tribute to the courage of Tommy Atkins, to the foresight and prudence of war officials, to the commercial sagacity that goes right on with business, England seems to the onlooker who doesn't pretend to get far below the surface of things to be, not fast asleep, but certainly dozing, and in that light slumber, visioned by past victory, sublimely self-content, she does not hear, or hearing does not heed, that "The Hun is knocking at the gate."

Millions of men are fighting, separated from London by a mere strip of water, gripped in a death struggle. Yet London life goes placidly on.


Paris forgets all about the war in the excitement of watching the fight between the rival bakers and pastry makers.

The barber shop boy rises to bread making, while the scullery apprentice becomes promoted to chef of the cuisine.

You buy your transportation when you make your purchases.